taxe of Haase and a second-hand Cabanis, into which I plunged when I got home.

Various errands. This evening read to Copeau the Sixth *Chant de Ualdoror*. Too short day.

25 November

Supper at the Pousset with Mme E., Gerard, and J. S.

I hardly ceased thinking, during the whole listless evening, of the good reading I might have enjoyed, and could not keep myself from showing some resentment toward Gerard. Time, money, thought, he wastes everything to no purpose, without really enjoying it, without any real desire.

Mme E. disappointed me. With the best will in the world I was unable to be as enthusiastic as I should have liked to be. I imagined M. with her, understood why he was not more in love with her, hoped he would be even less so, as if I feared having to measure the quality of his love according to its object.

Yet the evening was not cheerless; I liked her pleasant disposition even though she had no more positive qualities. Not smoking, I was able to remain lucid, and since I was not trying too hard to please, I was able to remain natural. Besides, she helped me to do so and unconsciously I was grateful to her for it.

What a child I remained for a long time, always looking for, even going out of my way to invent, sympathetic points of contact—in *whosever company I happened to be*| It did help me, to be sure, to a more subtle understanding of others, but it also encumbered my life with pseudo-friendships that I have trouble getting out of today. Indulgence toward others is hardly less ruinous than indulgence toward oneself.

Gerard had gone ahead on the rue Godot-de-Mauroy last night—where Jean and I are prowling. Suddenly we hear someone shout from the end of the street: "Stop! Thief!" In the distance we

can make out
the white apron of a barmaid who is apparently running, and galloping
toward us a tall, thin, gaunt silhouette. A butcher-boy suddenly appears
near us; sticking out his arm, he knocks down the thief, who collapses
on the edge of the sidewalk at our feet and moans: "Oh, you hurt me!"
He tries to get up, all covered with mud, but is immediately seized by
three big chaps who look as if they are going to crush him; but others
intervene, for already a crowd has gathered. "Leave him alone. No!
Don't hit him! …" A fat mulatto woman runs up who looks to me just
like Pierre Louys's old Zora. "He took my purse. I had no money in it,
but Fd like to have my keys back." All this was said with great dignity.
Her heart is pounding; she is also out of breath from running; but she
controls herself. Meanwhile the man keeps repeating: "Give me my cap.
Give me my cap*" It must have fallen on the sidewalk; no one has seen